

UP AND DOWN  
PICTURE LANE

By Henry Tyrrell

WHAT is a netuque, anyway? Twenty-five hundred answers to such a simple and natural query are at hand in the Recent Acquisitions room of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, this large collection being a gift to the Institution by Mrs. Russell Sage.

A netuque is a tiny, quaint Japanese carving in ivory, bone, horn, or lacquer, and is a very old and used in Japan as a bob or bob for the cord of a tobacco pouch, a string of beads, or other object suspended from the belt. They make elaborate, artistic little bobs, only an inch high, maybe, but you can go as far as you like in costume.

Half a dozen new American paintings have come to the Museum's way, the most important of these being Whistler's "Gold Girl"—full-length portrait of Constance Collier, a Gaiety girl in "tights," dancing with a skipping-rope—presented by George A. Hearn. It is a rich, mellow, golden-brown thing, with the artist's famous butterfly signature very much in evidence, and has apparently improved in tone as well as in price since it was painted, in the late '70s.

The Museum has bought a couple of small but authoritative Japanese "Hemmi" and "Yudre" paintings, and has also been in a portion of its income from the Hearn Fund on Wilton Lockwood's "Ponies," which bloomed in the Academy exhibition of last fall. Window Homer's last painting, the unfinished "Shooting the Rapids—Saguenay River," now hanging in the Homer Memorial exhibition, has been donated for keeps by the artist's brother, Charles S. Homer. Hugo Reisinger has given George Bellows's "Up the Hudson," shown recently in the all-Bellows show at the Madison Galleries, and the late Walter Florin's portrait of Josef Israels, the venerable Dutch artist, is donated by Julian Florin.

The large eight-ton bronze allegory (the Proprietor Isiah beating up awards into ploughshares, while a discouraged lion says "What's the use?") and lies down with the lamb under the anvil, to support which some extra steel beams have been put under the floor of the gallery leading from the Central Park entrance to the Hall of Casts, is J. Batsky's "Universal Peace," presented to the Museum by Jacob H. Schiff.

What a contrast to all these up-to-date and far-astounding works are the ancient Egyptian mural paintings from the tombs of Thebes (reproduced by the Marsh Bulletin), showing the sports and occupations of an Egyptian Dynasty official named Nebti. The sports of Nebti is depicted in company with some dancing girls, but as he might be in modern times. There is even a life-like portrait of "the pot of Nebti's wife, Taur"—and pussy has just caught the camera! After all, there's nothing new under the sun, nor under the ground either.

THE late Peter A. Schlemm of Philadelphia, whose collection of over three hundred oil paintings and water colors by modern French, Dutch, German and American artists is on free view at the American Art Galleries, Madison Square South, and to be sold Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings at Mendelssohn Hall, had an excellent amateur's eye for pictures. He seems to have bought independently,

and he got something of distinctive quality every time.

His Schreyer, for example—the "Wal-lachian Teanmer Entangled in the Marshes," which figured in the John Wolfe and E. D. Morgan collections—is probably the finest of its kind on this side of the Atlantic. The Trouilleberts and the Harpignies are worthy of Corot in his best estate.

Roma and Auguste Bonheur, Troyon, Jockind, Gerome, Meissonier, Isabey, Israels, Maux, Maris, Thallow, Mes-dan, Clays, Hagborg, Rico, Ziem and Alfred Stevens—to make a random collection of just a few of the star names—all are represented, in some cases two or three times over, by things at once characteristic and like-able, that the average civilized human being would be glad to have around the house. They are first rate commercial value, too. The groups of half a dozen or so each of Homer, Clays, Bonheur, Steadman, Inness, Keiser and Gruppe are little "schools" all by themselves, enhancing each other and raising the individual importance of each separate work.

The star works, mostly Dutch and dairy-fied, fill one gallery. Another is taken up with the Americans pretty much all through the alphabet from Blakelock, Bogert and Boston down to Wyant and "G. Washington." A general, smooth-faced portrait of Abraham Lincoln, painted by A. J. Conant at Springfield, Ill., in the summer of 1860, between the time of his nomination and election for the Presidency, possesses historic interest and is by no means bad artistically.

LEON DABO is going to present one of his paintings to the National Art Museum of Japan. This has no diplomatic bearing, either for war or peace. It is simply the missing link in an endless chain of logic. Thus: Japanese art inspired Whistler, Whistler inspired Dabo, and now Dabo gets back at Japan with the ultimate and not pictorial product.

In order that a good representative Dabo may be chosen for exportation to the Far East, the artist has hung half a dozen of his pale drab canvases in the Elite Art Rooms of Otto Fukushima, No. 8 East Thirtieth street, and visitors are invited to say which one, if any, they like best.

We dropped in a day or two ago and selected the "Fireworks in a Fog" as likely to please the Japs. Then Mr. Fukushima told us that this particular picture had just been sold to an unexpected fan. The strangest hazards do turn up in these art shops. But any of the others is just about as good, or could be made so in five minutes by sprinkling on a few dots of yellow paint to represent skyrockets.

THE MEMORIAL show of works of the late Walter Shirlaw, current at the National Art Club, Gramercy Park, for a fortnight longer, should especially attract old acquaintances and young students. The former will find a retrospective record of an earnest and able painter, and the latter a painter a generation ago.

EVERYBODY has heard of those twin worthies, "a well-known broker" and "a well-known clubman"—yes? Well, they are to have a joint clearing-out sale at Mr. Shirlaw's Fifth Avenue Art Galleries, No. 54

Fifth avenue, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoons, when their period furniture, tapestries, oil paintings, &c., will be slaughtered to make a bargain buyers' holiday.

Thursday evening, at the same place, will be dispersed the library of David G. Towhee of Providence, R. I., comprising extra illustrated books, standard sets and single volumes, richly bound by such high binders as Zaehner-dorf, DeSauty, Sanger, Sutcliffe and Riviere.

OUT OF FIFTH AVENUE.  
HE BEAMS ON BOWERY.

F. T. Martin Brings Guests in His Auto and Makes Speech at a Mission.

Frederick Townsend Martin's automobile lent distinction to the Bowery last night, and Mr. Martin beamed upon the "boys" of the Bowery Mission, at No. 227 of that thoroughfare.

The "boys" had turned out for what was billed to be the greatest night since Bill Taft gave them the glad hand last winter. Not only was Frederick Townsend Martin of the down-with-the-dirty-rich fame to address them, but sixteen persons were coming with him from a dinner given by Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs in her home, No. 1 East Fifty-seventh street. They wished to see about this bringing of the rich and poor closer, so that they would understand each other better.

But the audience was disappointed, for when the Frederick Townsend Martin automobile pulled up in front of the mission only Howard Townsend Martin, his brother, and Bertram Cruger got out. Cruger is treasurer of the Metropolitan Trust Company, of which Frederick Townsend Martin is a board member.

Mr. Martin was supposed to be backed out at the last moment because they "feared the notoriety."

WORK FOR HOOKWORM EXPERT. Washington, March 15.—Dr. Bailey K. Ashford first told the Porto Ricans about the insidious hookworm. He endeavored himself to the islands by the efforts he made to control the disease.

When the United States, providing for a sanitary department, was passed the inhabitants petitioned the War Department to assign Dr. Ashford to organize and head the new service. The request will be granted.

## The Best Cough Syrup Is Easily Made at Home

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This recipe makes a pint of cough syrup and saves you about \$2 as compared with ordinary cough syrups. It is a simple, effective, and safe remedy for all coughs, colds, and bronchitis. It is made from natural ingredients and is guaranteed to be the best.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with 1/2 pint of warm water, and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinks (dry) roots, washed in a gauze bag, and add the sugar syrup. Take a tea-spoonful every one, two or three hours. Taste good.

This takes right hold of a cough and gives almost instant relief. It stimulates the throat and is slightly laxative—both excellent features. In fact, as perhaps you know, is the most valuable concentrated compound of Nature's healing powers, rich in quinine and the other medicinal properties of the roots.

No other preparation will do the work of Pinks. No other will stimulate the lungs and soothe the throat. The plan has often been imitated, but the original formula has never been equalled. Its low cost and quick results have made it immensely popular.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinks or will get it for you. If not, write to The Pink Co., Port Wayne, Ind.

## A BOLD STEP

To overcome the well-grounded and reasonable objections of the more intelligent to the use of secret, medicinal compounds, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., some time ago, decided to make a bold departure from the usual course pursued by the makers of put-up medicines for domestic use, and so has published broad-cast and openly to the whole world, a full and complete list of all the ingredients entering into the composition of his widely celebrated medicines.

Thus Dr. Pierce has taken his numerous patrons and patients into his full confidence. Thus too he has removed his medicines from among secret nostrums of doubtful merits and placed them in a class all by themselves by making them remedies of known composition. By this bold step Dr. Pierce has shown that his formulas are of such excellence that he is not afraid to subject them to the fullest scrutiny.

Not only does the wrapper of every bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the famous medicine for weak stomach, torpid liver or biliousness and all catarrhal diseases wherever located, have printed upon it in plain English, a full and complete list of all the ingredients composing it, but a small book has been compiled from numerous standard medical works, of all the different schools of practice, containing very numerous extracts from the writings of leading practitioners of medicine, endorsing in the strongest possible terms, each and every ingredient contained in Dr. Pierce's medicines. One of these little books will be mailed free to any one sending address on postal card or by letter, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and requesting the same.

From this little book it will be learned that Dr. Pierce's medicines contain no alcohol, narcotics, mineral agents or other poisonous or injurious agents and that they are made from native, medicinal roots of great value; also that some of the most valuable ingredients contained in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak, nervous, overworked, "run-down," nervous and debilitated women, were employed, long years ago, by the Indians for similar ailments affecting their squaws. In fact, one of the most valuable medicinal plants entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was known to the Indians as "Squaw-Weed." Our knowledge of the uses of not a few of our most valuable native, medicinal plants was gained from the Indians.

As made up by improved and exact processes, the "Favorite Prescription" is a most efficient remedy for regulating all the womanly functions, correcting displacements, as prolapsus, anteversion and retroversion, overcoming painful periods, toning up the nerves and bringing about a perfect state of health. Sold by all dealers in medicines.

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